

ENDUEMENT WITH POWER

A. P. GRAVES

It is probable there never was a time since the days of the Apostles when there were so many children of God, choice saints, who were anxious for the enduement of power as now. There is only one way to obtain it. Let a Christian seek, find and accept it in God's appointed way, and he will be sure to come into possession of it. Our Lord himself, just before his ascension, marked out the way. He said to the disciples who had learned to follow him, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be undued with power from on high." Be it understood that he who spake these words, our exalted Savior, was He who also said to the believers just after His resurrection, "All power is given unto He in heaven and on earth." Also the last words He gave before He went up in the clouds of heaven were, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." This then is the way to possess it, and there can be no doubt about the inexhaustible supply. Jesus is able. He is the same yesterday, to day and forever. By implicit faith in His word, believing and receiving, every true believer has this gift of power. In the conscious experience of this there is great joy, satisfaction and usefulness. It will give the minister great liberty in preaching, and the hearer in hearing. The Gospel will be a living feast of the bread of life. Religious life will be a luxury, and the service of Jesus a delight. There will be a most delightful experience in prayer and communion with God, and the prayers will be fervent and effectual. The assurance of faith to all that is real in the riches of grace and the precious blood will be established in the righteousness of God, and victory will be complete in the Christian heart.

"I take the promised Holy Ghost,
I take the power of Pentecost;
To fill me to the uttermost
I take, He undertakes."

THE QUIET HOUR: HOW I KEEP IT

F. B. MEYER

I almost fear to tell the method of my quiet hour, lest it should lead some young Christian to break some holy habit which is being built up, of painstaking care. Each one of us must be led in his own way. For each some particular method has a special fascination, which might not be adapted to others. And perhaps, at one time of our life, we follow a plan which we forsake for another, as the years grow on us.

For many years I spent each day a considerable time on my knees, praying very minutely and elaborately about everything; and the pressure of my soul often rose to an agony. My Bible-reading was relegated to a minor and subordinate place. Latterly I have come to feel that it is more important to hear God speaking with me than to be

always addressing him. And I delight to get into the garden, or on the seashore, or into the public park—there is one close to my home—in the early morning, with my Bible in hand, walking or sitting, meditating and praying. One is led to turn God's words into prayer; to talk to him aloud, as one could hardly do in a room; and to speak to him in the most simple and natural way about people and interests which are suggested by the Spirit.

In a word, do not be too eager to impress your thoughts on God, but wait till his thoughts make themselves felt within your soul, then turn them into words.

Most of the critical things in life, which become the starting points of human destiny, are little things.—*Smith.*

The Christian Life

The Master's Touch

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
A master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.
Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!
Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
The perfect image, thou our God and Lord.
—*Horatius Bonar.*

Rest in the Lord

Armory.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest." Tossed and beaten by storms of passion, restless as the heaving tides, God's peace is unknown to them. They have no inward rest, and they have no resting place where their souls can find refuge. Like Noah's dove, they "flit between rough seas and stormy skies." To mortals thus laboring and heavy laden Christ sends the gracious invitation, "Come unto me, * * * and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, * * * and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The restless cannot rest, wherever they are; and the faint and weary fail to rest, because they have no resting place. Christ gives an inward rest, a rest to the soul, and he also affords a resting place where the heart and flesh may find repose.

Rest in the Lord. Rest in his love, which satisfies the deepest yearnings of the human heart; rest in his care, which watches over the lowliest, and notes the sparrow's fall; rest in his providence, which never fails, and which is over all his works; rest in his promises, which are exceeding great and precious, and which cover the needs of his trusting children in every state and condition of life. O weary, wayworn, burdened, tempted, despondent, troubled soul, there is rest for you. Go to Him who giveth rest. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." And beyond

the blessedness of this present rest of faith and hope and love, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." Blessed are they who shall gain that Sabbath and share in its sweet repose.

Sunsets

Rev. J. D. Sunderland.

I love to think of a fine sunset as God's smile. I love to think of the peace of the evening hour as God's benediction. What a blessed ending of the day is a calm sunset hour! What a preparation for the companionship of the stars! What a preparation for sleep, and what a fitting time for reverence and thoughtfulness and prayer is the sunset hour! God help us so to live that no sunset which heaven may ever send us may be marred with recollections of a day ill spent.

Sunsets are symbols. Each year has its sunsets, as well as each day. Autumns are the year's sunsets. The crimson and gold of the October foliage is the splendor with which the year paints its west, as the sun shines toward its setting.

But there is another and more important sunset still. It is the sunset of human life. The name we call it by is old age. Toward that sunset we are all hastening. What shall we find when we reach it? A dull sky? dark and threatening clouds? no light? Alas! such is too often human experience. But it need not be so.

The brush that is to paint the color of that sunset for you and me is already in our hands. Oh, the beautiful sunset that old age may be to all of us if the years that lead to it are filled with wisdom and love! God help us so to live, that when our life's sun shall go down there may be the radiance of immortal hope in our sky, and the peace of God which passeth understanding in our hearts.

Why Men Do Not Become Religious

The Watchman.

The evangelists and religious convention speakers who are wont to declare that if ministers would preach "the simple gospel" their churches would be thronged, overlook the circumstance that this is not the explanation our Lord gave of the unattractiveness of religion. In the parable of the great feast he represented that the invited guests were not hungry for the feast, but were more engrossed in the piece of ground, the team of oxen, or the companionship of home than in the invitation. An excellent contrast might be drawn between the way the invited guests to the feast treated the summons and the attitude of the prodigal toward the bounty of his father's house after he came to himself. Oftentimes it requires the loss of secular comforts and pleasures to arouse within the soul the sense of spiritual hunger. We only appreciate the provision of the Father's house after our reliance upon our own resources is removed by the disappointments, the uncertainties of life and the hard realities of actual experience.